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Just Muse

Mrs. M. McNamar



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JUST MUSE
and
OTHER POEMS



BY
MRS. M. McNAMAR

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INTRODUCTIVE

VERSE.

Then permit me to revel in the wealth of all verse,
And forbid me no part of their themes;
For the poets have written, their thoughts to disperse,
That others might share in their dreams.

In words gracefully framed they the topic define,
With soft language that ebbs and flows;
They bear me away on the bosom of rhyme
To the land of Peace and Repose.

Perhaps it may be in the majestic lines
Of the grand old masters of song;
In their heavier themes that my spirit finds
Strength, as my tranquil mood they prolong.
They hold sweeping power, my mind to immerse,
Like the tide that engulfs where it flows;
They bear me away on the billows of verse,
To the land of Peace and Repose.

JUST MUSE.

MIDNIGHT UNDER CALIFORNIA SKIES

I sleep and I dream—
 That I sail the sea of deepest blue,
 Where all the stars are mirrored true.
 And the waning moon is reflected too
 From the depths of its calm still face.
 On this sea that touches no cliff or shore,
 That has no breakers to rock and roar,
 Like a phantom my ship is sailing o'er,
 As smoothe as if gliding through space.

On the deck I repose in my steamer chair
 And I feel the touch of the cool night air,
 As I view the fairy like scene from there,
 Through the masts of my own flying bark.
 Other phantom ships go sailing by
 With never a sound as their way they ply,
 And never a message or a signal fly,
 As they go seeking some distant mart.

Those phantom ships are all white or gray,
 And they are all sailing the self same way,
 Not one of them lingers or cares to stay
 Her speed till the journey's complete.
 But my ship is not painted white or gray,
 And I sail in the oppcsite way from they,
 Neither do I tarry or pause to say
 One word to that flying feet.

And now I behold a wreck on the deep—
 A frail little bark that had failed to keep
 Pace with the other ships of that fleet
 Disappeared from the fairy-like scene.
 But another great ship met a fate much worse,
 When, heedless of danger, she steered her course

Right onto the shores of a rock bound coast;
The shock startled me out of my dream.

Ah! It wasn't a dream, I was wide awake,
I was only allowing my fancy to take
Me sailing away in its own wild wake,
On the breast of the midnight breeze.
The sea, in my fancy, was the great blue sky,
The ships, the white clouds that go sailing by,
And my deck chair, the cot upon which I lie
Out under my own fig trees.

The masts of my ship was a giant branch,
The sails were the leaves that toss and dance.
And they appear the part in the careless glance,
That it pleases my fancy to give.
That rock bound coast was the mother cloud's breast,
Where all the little clouds fly to rest,
Now long before this I know you have guessed
The land where I've chosen to live.

HEAVENLY GLIMPSES.

Down deep in the blush of the rose I see
A picture from another world given,
I cannot decide just what it can be,
Unless 'tis the sunrise in heaven.

On the petals of the lily there seems to gleam
The purity of immortal things,
Must be the reflection of some heavenly scene,
Perhaps 'tis of the angels' wings.

But in a little child's smiling, innocent face
Shines a vision far more fair,
Than in anything else of terrestral grace,
For heaven, itself is imaged there.

LIFE'S GREATEST MOMENTS

Life's greatest moments spent with a friend—

With some dear soul, whose musing and mediation seem to blend

And beat in harmony with those of our own,

As a sweet song and its melodious chords are one in tone.

Life's dearest moments spent with a friend—

With some loved one whose sweet companionship seems to lend

Inspiration of soul food for mated minds,

Our thoughts move in unison, our desires one in kind.

Life's sweetest moments spent with a friend—

Some loved companion we've known long since, or then

Perhaps 'tis an erstwhile friend who feels

This atonement of spirit, and a compact of fellowship seals.

Life's choicest moments spent with a friend—

Just a day or an hour of sweet communion that trends

To lead upward and onward to a loftier throne

Of inspiration and thought than we'd reached had we striven alone.

Life's greatest moments spent with a friend—

Some ne'r forgotten person whose fellowship will not end

With parting of ways, for we've lived the divine,

And deep impressions of kindred minds are not subject to absence or time.

TRUTH.

Man, in his unstable building,

Places timbers that decay and fall;

Nature in her infinite mercy,

Drapes and shields for the eyes of all.

Man wanders apart from the pathway

That leads to the perfect and right;

Truth, divine, silently follows

In his wake, and wipes out the blight.

THE CAGED LION.

To and fro, to and fro,
 Those iron bars are but prison walls;
 To and fro, to and fro,
 The great out-doors to his spirit calls,
 In his solemn, ceaseless and nervous tread,
 He seems to avoid some hidden dread;
 He is all unmindful of the curious throng,
 That views him the whole day long.

Up and down, 'round and 'round,
 From this prison he longs to escape;
 Up and down, 'round and 'round,
 Would that providence could ope' the gate.
 Can any who look at him fail to see
 That he was never meant for captivity;
 In appeasing the restlessness of his soul
 His body is paying the toll.

Out in the free, it was his to be,
 Without caution or fear he walked alone;
 Over the bramble, and over the lee,
 The forest trees were the walls of his home.
 And he ruled that home in all majesty,
 None ever disobeyed his excellency;
 For then he was king of the wonderful wild,
 But now he is a broken exile.

How is it man places a ban
 Upon the freedom of the least of this land?
 How is it man places a ban,
 And defies the work of a mightier hand?
 Would that humanity saw no pleasure or pease,
 Except in the comforts of the greatest or least,
 Would that forever the will of man
 Ceased the opposing of nature's plan.

DEATH.

With his poisonous wand, Death sweeps the world on wings
 That carry him swiftly, and far;
 Under his devastating power all things he brings,
 His presence, no region can bar.
 He turns toward the arid plains of the desert wild,
 Some victim falls at his quest;
 In the frozen steppes of the north his hands have defiled
 What pleased his fancy the best.

He is an unwelcome visitor, none can seek to evade,
 He comes at noon, at night, at morn;
 The seas, the vales, hills and mountains are his to invade,
 He spots a victim as soon as 'tis born.
 He dares to lay hands on the most precious things we hold,
 He takes a little, he takes our all;
 We are powerless to resist him, he is a burglar bold,
 We, ourselves, must come at his call.

No lily is too fair and lovely for his deadly clutch,
 No flower that he will not slay;
 No palm tree so high and stately that he will not touch
 And spoil it with grim decay.
 Yonder hill held its monument, seemed a gift of time,
 From its destruction all would refrain;
 Yet, Death laid his hand e'en, to that graceful pine,
 And the cones never grew again.

Lo in his ruthless devastation he dared to touch
 Even the brow of the Holy Christ,
 The very earth trembled with awe that he dared so much,
 And for a moment that touch sufficed.
 But it was the prophets of old, who, in their wisdom had
 said
 "Dissolution the Christ shall not see"
 They looked and beheld Him—the Christ was not dead,
 But He lived—and He liveth through eternity.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life," sayeth He—

"I am victor over death that all men may
Cometh into eternal life by me,"

And "My word shall not pass away."

Though Death has despoiled and laid waste his myriads
of things,

In the Holy Writ this promise we find
That, which is not subject to his venomous sting
Is the Immortal Soul of mankind.

MY ADORABLE NEICE AND HER BEAU

'A cozy chair, and a book, of the story-land kind,
A foot-stool and chocolates, myself all resigned
To an afternoon "comfy" by a raised window blind,
 To rest, read and dream at sweet will.

No, not at sweet will, for out there on the lawn
Sits two happy creatures, as fresh as day dawn.
Detracting my thoughts, and, oh, how I long
 To peek over the window sill.

Desire, always persisive, I yield to the will,
A scene so enchanting, a stone heart would thrill,
I enjoy and admire, till perch on the sill
 Comes a monster with eyes of green hue.
Out there my niece and her beau, ('tis her very first)
In their isle of seclusion—what villain would durst
Break into that haven of bliss, all unversed?
 But the monster's obstructing my view.

But why this monster at all, when I, too, have had
All the pleasures that trend to make the heart glad,
And honor and prestige—now I know it is bad
 For that creature to be sitting there.

Not because of worldiy goods those two children own,
For they sit in my chairs, on my lawn, at my home,
And not because I am sitting here quite alone;
 I'm not envious of a friendship so fair.

The truest of friends have always been mine,
Nor do I begrudge that pair of their idle time,
Or of fairness of forms or faces so fine,

I'd not covet in a manner so tame.

I envy not that boy of a smile justly earned,
Or her the fond one that he gives in return,
Ah me! It is wicked, but still I discern

The monster sitting there just the same.

Another stolen glance, and there now comes to me
The reason for that stab of mad jealousy,
Revealed in the blushes I chance to see—

Blushes experience will never improve.

Blushes, born or hearts so free from all care,
Before sorrow or wisdom has had any place there,
But innocence, only, of the young and the fair.

That shyness time alone will remove.

'Tis the joys of youth that I see in each face,
Adorning them both with charm and with grace,
'Tis the felicity time will so swiftly out race,

Seems the flight of my own was all wrong.

But where did it, when did it, how did it go?

'Tis another mystery, none of us ever will know

They have theirs now, my adorable niece and her beau,

I look again and the monester is gone.

"BIDE-A-WEE."

Suppose I should be called on a journey,

To a land far over the sea;

There would be no joy in the planning,

If none say to me "bide-a-wee."

None to have part in the preparation,

No loved one, no comrade, no friend;

There would be sadness in the embarking,

No matter how pelasant the end.

Or if I should sit in the evening tide,
 List'ning to bells of gray twilight;
 There would be no melody in their chiming,
 With no friends to wish me good-night.
 If I must be a solitary listener,
 The bells will bring feelings forlorn;
 And there will be a chill in the twilight,
 No matter how glorious the morn.

Then when I approach the autumn days
 Of this one fleeting life year;
 There will be no joy in the yule-tide,
 If no loved ones hover near.
 When the last day and the hour cometh,
 There will be an uncertainty,
 If no dear one is near to comfort me,
 And wish me a "bide-a-wee."

Then give me a friend—a companion,
 Who will watch for my coming bark;
 And listen for the bell that will summons,
 When the twilight succumbs to the dark.
 There will be no sadness, no loneliness,
 In the close of that day for me;
 With a dear one near to sustain and soothe,
 And say to me "Bide-a-wee."

PEOPLE WE ALL KNOW

There was a man of wonderful successes,
 By his striving he had won a great name;
 The world shouted his story,
 It wreathed him with glory,
 And clamored to share in his fame.
 But the same man made many failure,
 Which, to the world were all unknown,
 Nor did any one care
 His disappointment to share,
 Those failures were all his alone.

A lady, by her deeds of great kindness,
Scattered happiness and sunshine abroad;

At her feet the world bowed,
It proclaimed her aloud.

And each deed it made haste to applaud.

But the same lady met a great sorrow,
Which shrouded her life like a pall,

The world claimed no part,
In the brief of her heart,

Had no place in the mourning at all.

We know the man of wonderful successes,
We know the lady of good deeds well done;

And they both have been glad
That the whole world has had

A share in the honors they've won.

We know the man who made many failures,

We know the lady with the sorrows unknown:

Because the world never knew

They were glad of that, too,

They had rather suffer the trials alone.

WHAT'S THE USE

I have an honest debt to pay

What's the use?

When so many others say

What's the use?

Just to have no man to fear,

Just to keep a friend sincere,

Just to feel my conscience clear;

That's the use.

We may strive to do the right,

What's the use?

So many treat it light,

So what's the use?

Just to know we've done our best,

Just to feel we've stood the test,

Nor am I satisfied with less;
That's the use.

I "hitch my wagon to a star,"
What's the use?
It may never get me far,
So what's the use?
Though my dreams I never realize,
It will be a joy to strive
For the highest goal or prize;
That's the use.

THE DESERT'S OWN

'Tis a place not meant for mortal to tread,
Where man has stalked without fear or dread;
Right into the wild and wilderness waste,
And strove to conform himself to the place.
He has failed, in this land forgotten by God,
Are mysterious paths no man should have trod:
And though he may strive in harmony to be,
Never a part of the desert land is he.

Foreign to him is that shifting sand,
That, at the whip of the wind, defaces the land;
Covers his path as if a flood had surged,
And all traces of land-marks submerged.
Resolution and drought are the chief of charm,
Excepting the mirage, and that brings him harm;
Consumates death in the bed of a sunken sea,
And gives the body to its own as a fee.

But what is its own--what belongs to this waste?
'Tis a thing of the desert, with the desert's taste,
Like the desert, he spots his prey 'ere 'tis dead,
Begins destruction soon as life-breath has fled,
As desolate a the lands are his dismal howls,
Over the arid and sun-baked sands he prowls;
In the heart of this wasteful, wilderness wild,
Lives the coyote, truly, the desert's own child.

MY PLACE IN LINE

Twixt the trend of the ages that's vanished,
And the ages of all future time;
Comes the age of the present, I wonder,
Why I'm permitted to call it mine.
Can it be said it was just happening,
To be brought to my earthly estate
In the present, instead of the dim, dim past,
Or reserved for some future date.

For in all the world and its workings,
As it majestically moves along;
There can never be found in existence,
One atom has been placed awrong.
Perfection molded in all its immensity
In its substance, its time and its pose;
Completed in thousands of details,
As a leaf is complete, or a rose.

Like the chapter unfolds in the story
'Time ushered in the present age,
Among its innumerable characters,
I am a dot on the printed page.
But a dot may complete some sentence,
(Nor stationed amiss in the line)
I, too, for some reason am given
A place in God's plan divine.

So whither I stand with the greatest,
Or the lowlier place falls as mine;
I am part of the wonderful everything
Planned in beginning of time.
I cannot fail to see the magnanimity,
At its consummation my soul does appall;
Nor will I fail to bow down and worship
The Creator and Giver of all.

BLESSINGS, THINE AND MINE

There is a light, a silvery light,
Coming down from the moon in the silent night;
With fairy hands it touches the lands,
And scatters the gloom from the sea;
This light is shining for me, for me,
'Tis shining for thee and me.

There is a note, a twittering note,
Flung to the breeze by a ruffled throat;
It has a part in gladdening the heart,
Perched high in the old apple tree;
This bird is singing for me, for me;
'Tis singing for thee and me.

There is a day, a lovely day,
It may come in mid-winter or balmy May;
A jewel in line set by Father Time
In the crowd of years given to me and thee;
'Tis this day that has dawned for me, for me,
This day that's for thee and me.

The flowers, the grasses and trees,
The rivers and mountains and seas,
 The bees and the birds,
 The fields and their herds,
The heavens above,
The friends that we love,
 The rhythms that 'rote
 Of song or of note,
Or just the laugh of a child in its glee,
Are some of God's blessings for me, for me,
God's blessings for thee and me.

LOVE

Like the flight of the carrier pigeon,
 A messenger has flown throughout all space;
 Into remote and most boundless regions,
 And there was never a halt in the pace;
 Neither did it return from the distant wanderings,
 Till it gleamed for man the secret that he bade it bring.

Like he tryst of the carrier pigeon,
 The messenger returned from a distant place:
 With the deepest theme of a mighty religion,
 Snatched from a pedestal where it poised in space;
 This, the message, gleaned from earth, and all heav'n above,
 That the greatest thing in all the universe is love.

THE DESERT RAT

(The quest for gold)

He was a prospector, bronzed, stiffened and thin,
 William Baily, his common place name;
 "The Desert Rat" was the "nick" that just fitted him,
 His persistence had earned him the same,
 And although "Bill" was now well up in years,
 He still heeded the lure of gold,
 Desert life, to him, held no terrors or fears,
 But gripped with a grip that would hold.

In the fruitless years that he'd haunted the land,
 In statue, in mind, in desire he grew
 To be typical of the eternal sand,
 His vitality as enduring too.
 Few friends were his and fewer he sought,
 His faithful burro was the most true;
 He cared little for comforts, for pleasures naught,
 As he traversed the desert through.

Weeks spent in the heart of the waterless waste,
 With the Jinny trudging at his heels;
 Meager his wants, and more meager his taste,
 Scanty his drink, and more scanty his meals.
 Bill saw little of animal, less of vegetable kind,
 *Side-winders, the only enemies he'd meet,
 Although the sun beat down, he did not mind
 When sands reflected an intolerable heat.

His one desire was the desire for gold,
 That mine—fabulous wealth he must find;
 The incontrollable lure has often laid hold
 And destroyed a much stronger mind.
 Undaunted by failure Bill always planned
 On the "luck" he would "soon" realize;
 But the coveted treasure always just beyond hand,
 One more trip and he'd land the prize.

In time the prospector becomes the Desert Rat.
 And lose his ambition or change his will;
 He would still remain, but he deems not that
 The desert sands would know him still.
 It has power to charm and the victim hold,
 For that fascination there is no cure;
 The Rat may count it but the passion for gold.
 The desert, itself, has become the lure.

But there are times when even the burro will fail
 Her master, and refuse his fate to share:
 And to toll her away from the unbeaten trail,
 Moisture scented from—God knows where,
 Their wanderings led farther than ever before,
 When the prospector chanced to look back;
 A deep sand wash, bushes of sage, nothing more.
 Hiding jinny and her bunglesome pack.

*Side-winders is the name given to the rattlesnakes in the southwestern deserts of the United States.

"Hello! Jinny, stealin' a march on a feller?
 An' 'tain't like ye, ol' gal, not a bit;
 Desertin' of yer pal, an' I was strikin' a color,
 But I'll find ye, now don't ye fergit.
 No wonder the ol' gal was all out o' sorts,
 Should o' give her a drink, while ago,
 When I stopped to examine them specimans o' quartz,
 Come to think, that water jug's runnin' low."

"Never mind, now, Jinny, ye'll be livin' in clover,
 When—when—funny I dont' see her tracks!"
 But the burro heard not, she was staggering over
 The desert, water jugs strapped to her back.
 "Well, I reckon I can find ye, things lots worse
 Happen me than losin' of a burro like you."
 And 'twas odd that the prospector shifted his course
 Just as the wind would be shifting, too.

"Strange, I must be gettin' mixed up, I swear
 I was facin' that wind 'while ago;
 Must o' turned clean 'round 'stead o' half, I declare
 I'll be gettin' daffy, first thing I know."
 There were hills to the left, and hills to the right,
 Two rows, as like as two rows of peas.
 And the floor of the desert under the glare of light,
 Unmarked, as the breast of the seven seas.

"To them that ain't got no sense o' direction,
 It may be kind o' mysterious like;
 You bet I've got it all down to perfection—
 Funny Jinny took a notion to hike."
 Comes a twinge of remorse when the Desert Rat feels
 Perfect knowledge of "where" slipping away;
 But he must hasten on for fate often seals
 A destiny, almost in a single day.

Four and twenty hours, spent in the unspeakable heat,
 Without drink, man's reason hangs by a thread;

Now the prospector had rambled far off his beat,
 Tottering and uncertain was his tread.
 ‘Ali, come on now, Jinny, it’s time for a drink,
 Here’s to ye fer luck—What! not comin’ to me?
 Oh! I recollect now—I can’t seem to think,
 An’ somehow I don’t seem to see.”

And—“Ye may shift where ye will, ye can’t get me.
 No difference where the ol’ wind blows;
 I know ’bout where I am, yes—sir—ree.
 You bet, cl’ Bill Baily always knows.”
 But the prospector’s laugh was now a mere cackle,
 His gate was that of the blind;
 Under his feet the baked sand crackled,
 He was wandering like in his mind.

It was not strange that one with an eye so trained,
 Even in this plight should recognize
 That bronze-black stone, in deep yellow stained,
 And instantly know that he’d found the prize.
 A frenzied moment, he drove his pick through the stone
 The cry of “Gold! Gold!” fell from his parching lips;
 Those fragments of rock revealed to his eyes alone
 A fortune. “Ha! I knew I’d find it this trip!”

The half dazed man threw himself on the ground,
 Gathered those stones in his trembling hands;
 He cuddled them, hugged them, laughed, laid them down,
 Snatched others from the crumbling sands.
 Staring fixedly at them, to that fever mad brain
 Those specks of gold became as stones in size:
 Those stones became boulders, and again and again
 He estimated the value of his prize.

Did I say “fabulous wealth?” ’Twas beyond the man’s dreams.
 Half the hillside was a ledge of that stone;
 For this the Desert Rat had given all, it seems
 For a moment to call it his own
 But the second day, without drink, in this land

A drop of water is more than riches untold;
But the desert offers none, it gives only sand,
And taunts with its treasures of gold.

Now, even in this hour of physical distress,
Was no thought that he'd lost his way:
Withal he was blinded and drunk with success,
Heeded not the price he was soon to pay.
With a body so strained, the mind could not hold,
It wavered, it rested on a brink,
"Come now, Jinny. I've found a mountain of gold,
I can buy—I can—I'll buy us a drink."

A precious stone held in the outstretched hands
"Come, Jinny, ye can have a few sips,"
Then the stone fell to the ground, a handful of sand
Was conveyed to his own swollen lips
That, too, cast aside, for a beautiful lake
Appeared, with its palm studded shore;
With a struggle, the prospector managed to take
A Step toward it, then beheld it no more.

"Ho. I don't want a lake, I'm a rich man now!
I'll buy an ocean, eh, Jinny, jes think—
No! I remember now, I'm—you're lost, but I vow
I'm goin'—Jinny I'll give ye a drink.
An' I'll find ye, too, jes as I said I would
Get located when I see the north star;
Ye'll be glad too, Jinny, your ol' pal's made good.
I know ye haven't strayed very far."

A last feeble step, the prospector fell with a cry
Before the mountain of Lifelong Desire;
Though Lethean depths sparkled where e'er he cast his eye,
It soothed not the thirst, now burning fire.
As it was yet high noon on that arid plain.
The man thought of his burro no more;
Nor again of his gold, but of his thirst and pain.
And in the moment of the passing o'er—

His childhood home, its fields of waving grass,
 A cottage, his mother stood in the door;
 'Twas just a fleeting glimpse of the long dead past,
 And years since he'd thought of it before.
 Once again he became a tired, thirsty child,
 Turning to mother, who would know his need:
 Faithful to him, but now she not even smiled,
 She was silent and seemed hardly to heed.

It was odd that in that last thought he would see
 His little mug in her outstretched hand;
 But it was the irony of fate—perfect mockery
 She, too, offered him a cup of sand.
 As the sun sank behind the low hills in the west
 The shadow crept upon a corpse, how strange
 That the Desert Rat found his eternal rest
 In the shadow of the Funeral Range.

There was no funeral, that, nor the following day,
 For the desert offers no shroud, no pall.
 It softens not the event by a floral display,
 There is just death and oblivion, that's all.
 And with the last drawn breath, the work is complete,
 The monument is a cactus, straggling, old:
 But 'twill endure for ages, and at the prospector's feet,
 A broken stone, brilliant with settings of gold.

IF I HAD A MILLION BUCKS

Well now, let me just see where I would be
 If I should drop heir to a million bucks,
 Don't think that I'd cry if grand "unkie" should die,
 For by that he would pass me my luck.
 I'd go in for a spree, one grand jubilee,
 Just as long as I rattled that mon'
 My pals and I, we'd sure live on pie,
 And you bet we'd play second for none.

I'd see the old planet and all there is in it,
 Before I run through with them bucks;
 And old Johnnie D. would have nothing on me,
 For I'd ride—Overland, De Luxe.
 And no old conduc' could hustle me up,
 Or make me jump quick when he speels
 "All aboard!" Oh fudge, I'd not have to budge.
 I'd own the old palace on wheels.

I'd travel by boat, the biggest afloat;
 Built speedy and fitted up mighty grand,
 With a fancy saloon and a big dancin' room,
 Servants, sailors and a classy brass band.
 And no old sea chap, not even the cap'
 Could order me 'round, fore and aft,
 You bet, by heck, I'd boss the old deck,
 I'd be ownin' the whole dog-goned craft.

I only would go to the classiest show,
 "Big hits" of the season I'd see;
 And them smart usher guys, a lookin' so wise,
 Wouldn't dare to say "gallary" to me.
 That Rockiebuilt bunch would sure get a hunch,
 And off up the stairs they'd scaddocle,
 My pals I'd treat to the very best seat,
 And we'd take up the whole caboodle.

I'd order some diners that sure would be winners,
 That four hundred gang I'd outshine;
 And up at the Astor they'd hop around faster
 When I took my gal up there to dine.
 Just as long as my dough held out I would go
 For a high old time—but, Oh shucks,
 No use to blow for there ain't no show
 Of me gettinn' them billion bucks

ETERNAL DESIRE

Up, up the mountain of Eternal Desire,
 With its shadowy, winding trail;
 A pedestrian will stand at the foot and aspire
 The height of the summit to scale.
 Solitary is the peak, lone is the trail,
 Individul the one to admire;
 Then start the ascent, and never be content
 On the mountain of Eternal Desire.

At first it rose up, just a smooth little hill,
 All grasses and ferns and flowers;
 Then the pathway led through a thatch by the rill,
 On upward neath green leafy bowers.
 All this passed through, still it grew and it grew,
 There were ledges with bramble and brier;
 When that, too, is climbed, a pause but to find,
 What a mountain is Eternal Desire.

But up yonder ahead lies a pleasanter slope,
 And to reach it a hastening on;
 With never a falter, not a doubt in the hope,
 That the summit will appear before long.
 The trail, tedious, rough, there's crag and there's bluff,
 Yet none was ever known to tire
 Or to tarry or stay, or to fall by the way
 On the mountain of Eternal Desire.

One more rugged steep to be mounted with might,
 One more terraced slope comes to view.
 Life-long the ascent, inaccessible the he'ght,
 Scenes along the path ever new.
 But the trail is lost when the rivers' to be crossed,
 Not till then will ambition retire;
 Death—the river that's found to be flowing around
 The base of the mountain of Eternail Desire.

A COMRADE, TRUE

Tensed, and faces drawn with emotion,
The little group stood on the front walk;
There were only a few moments left them.

But it seemed difficult to talk.
Dear daddy, so proud, but now thoughtful,
To clasp tightly the hand of his boy;
And then came his dear little mother,
He, the light of her life and her joy.
And sister, she'd forgotten his teasings,
She now beheld him, a hero grand;
And little Joe, how he, too, longed to go.
Endless years before he'd be a man.
All gathered to say a fond farewell
To the tall soldier boy so fair;
And one other—but no, he could not,
At least not right then, or there.

As the lad turned aside in departing,
They all strove their emotion to hide;
But Jack receiving no farewell pat
Took his place at his masters' side.
"Here, Jack! Here, Jack! You come right back!"
See here now, you must not go!"
Those moments had been such trying ones
Nobody could speak but Joe.
The old dog halted reluctantly,
Then looked into his master's face,
No word—in wisdom the answer sensed,
He proceeded to move on a pace.
"No, Jack! Now you must stay right here!"
Jack marched on like a soldier grand;
He took orders from no "subordinate,"
When a "superior" was in command.

On down the path, dog and master

Walking so briskly, just those two;
 And the reason of the master's silence
 None but the little mother knew.
 As the gate clanged too behind them,
 The boy felt never a doubt or a fear;
 Nor thought that it had closed forever
 Upon himself and his loved ones dear.
 On down the dusty road he hastened,
 In the tears he could no longer hide;
 Nor did he care, there was none to see them now
 Only Jack, pacing along at his side.
 So it has ever been in all history,
 A man facing his fellow man,
 Will stifle all semblance of weakness,
 But old Jack he would understand.

They turned the curve, then passed from view,
 And a full twenty minutes had flown
 Ere the poor old dog came sauntering back,
 Again appeared at the saddened home.
 As he came up the path the bright sunlight
 Fell full on his big shaggy ears.
 There was glistening, something like crystals,
 That was made by the falling of tears.
 Happened it Jack hadn't shaken them off,
 But they had clung, like drops of dew;
 None but the little mother saw them there,
 And none but the little mother knew.
 Jack sought his place 'mong the shady vines,
 Very soon he was fast asleep;
 All unconscious that he had revealed
 The secret his master wanted to keep.

When the sun hung low o'er the western hills
 Jack roused, sauntered down to the gate,
 The usual place for waiting his master,
 Came he early or came he late.
 But this time the master did not return.
 And it was just a year and a day

Till they received the sad, sad message
 Saying their loved one had gone to stay.
 They ceased the waiting and watching,
 They grieved but each of them knew
 That old Jack was vigilantly keeping
 A compact made by comrades true;
 When down by the gate he takes his place
 And will each evening to his dying day,
 He is waiting the return of his master,
 And nobody ever calls him away.

WHAT'S TRUMPS

In the contest around the table
 "What's trumps" is the question asked,
 "What's trumps" is all important,
 In this world's gigantic task.

In which clubs represent law, hearts represent love
 diamonds represent money and spades represent labor.

I am clubs—I'm trumps—
 I have reference not to such little things
 As decks of cards with queens and kings,
 But of a power that holds and sways
 A people to its stringent ways.

I am law for subjects all,
 I send for them at my beck and call.
 Whether of state, religion, home or school,
 'Tis law that wields controlling rule.
 Law, by right and honor bound,
 Stretching the whole world around.
 No difference of what race or clime,
 I am the club that whips thinks into line.
 Respect me! King of Clubs is trumps.

Nay, nay, King Clubs, I'm hearts! I'm trumps--
 What other power has ought to say
 When hearts are holding sway?

I speak of love, of tenderness;
 All the world I've sought to bless;
 And a people heeded me
 Before law or state aspired to be.
 It was even through my just dictations
 That law and rule became creations;
 And at my bidding both have tumbled,
 Into dust their castles crumbled.
 I am a higher power, but I place no bans,
 I murmur not, make no demands.
 Greater I than court or king,
 I simply to the abstract cling.

I'm Queen of Hearts, I rule the world.
 Honor me—I'm trumps.

I am diamonds—I am trumps—
 Diamonds, though such little things,
 What a weight of prestige brings.

I speak of concentrated wealth,
 And I rule the world by stealth.
 In this glittering soul of mine
 The very essence of "value" shine.
 And no man as yet has turned me down,
 Not even for love of state or crown.
 Law—what is law? Who has not discerned
 That 'tis merchandise when I'm concerned?
 For the vehicles of law I've bought
 And sold, without a thought.

And the populace is not deceived
 If value is not received
 Yea, even good Queen Hearts has fell
 Before my dazzling spell
 Forgotten her own just precepts.
 When our pathways intercept,
 With law and love i "play the deuce,"
 I appropriate, without excuse

Their ideals for abuse or use.
 Diamonds, whether great or small,
 Hold the highest goal of all.

Attention! I am trumps.

I am spades--I'm trumps—
 I speak of toil, back to the soil—
 A slogan that's forever droned,
 But a foolish people was ever known
 To follow precepts of such lowly cast,
 In loftier themes they have amassed

Though law or love or wealth may rule,
 I—spades, have been the despised tool
 Yet, patiently I've bid my time,
 Nor have I been of idle mind;
 For diligently I've dug the graves
 Of all the world's most esteemed braves.

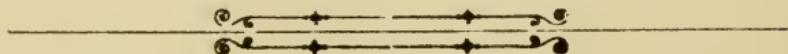
While man has scorned my low estate,
 I've plodded on, but now of late—
 Guided by the human hand,
 I've dug trenches for most every land

That law may exist, that hearts may beat,
 Money now lies at my feet.

I've labored long without a sign,
 But now men hear my age old cry.

They scoff not at the way I've trod
 They embrace me now and turn the sod;
 That a vine, a tuber, a stalk might grow.
 And the hungry nations know
 The comforts of a full repast,
 Lo I'm conqueror at last.

Salute me, I am spades. Ace high!



DOWN DEEP IN THE WOODS

AMONG THE PINES

There is a quietness there that I love—
 And it isn't because the birds do not sing
 As sweetly as can be through all the long spring,
 It isn't because the bees do not hum,
 The nightingale trill, or the woodpeckers drum;
 It isn't because the squirrels do not chatter,
 As on whirring wings the quail will scatter;
 It isn't because there is no cooing dove,
 For song comes both from the earth and skies above—
 The cricket is low, but the eagle flies high,
 And from perilous heights resounds his cry;
 There is all this to charm and I wonder why
 There is a quietness there that I love.

There is a quietness there that I love—
 And it isn't because the leaves do not fall
 And rustle response when the breezes call:
 It isn't because the brook is still,
 For all day long there's the drip of the rill;
 It isn't because there is no fairy tap
 Of the rain drop as it falls on the leafy mat;
 And it isn't because the herds do not low
 Through all the long evenings when soft winds blow;
 And the same winds waft sweet music to me,
 'Tis a gentle moan from those lofty trees,
 All this, and I wonder how it can be
 There is a quietness there that I love.

There is a quietless there that we love—
 High up in the mountains among those pines,
 'Tis a blessing to come and linger a time,
 In this heav'n given spot for a tired mind,
 Where we leave earthly trials and woes behind.
 Here we escape the rush of a weary throng
 That throttles and jostles the years along;

We forget the future, the past lies dead,
 We live the fullness of the "now" instead;
 Here among these hills, magnificently dressed,
 In the splendors of forest nature did her best,
 We can stroll at will or we pause and rest,
 For there's a quietness there that we love.

THE ASPEN LEAVES

Oh, ye glimmering, shimmering, shining things,
 Suspended in air by your fiber strings;
 You are tremenlous with unrest all the day through,
 Was anything ever as unstable as you?

All powerless to resist the least pressure brought,
 How you vibrate with life if any is wrought;
 You are the soul of vivacity through and through,
 Was anything ever as high strung as you?

You delight to respond to the least breath of air,
 And impatient with the bonds that holds you there;
 You are impulsive, sensitive and nervous too,
 Was anything ever as emotional as you?

Inactivity or calmness your heart never knows,
 You court agitation, you shun all repose;
 Nothing is like you unless it may be
 The throbbing, eager masses of humanity.

As I sit in admiration, a sad mishap—
 One of those leaflets fell prone into my lap;
 The breeze became angry because they annoyed,
 And smote with a lash that destroyed.

I was sorry that a thing that had lived so intense
 Should be thus stricken down and never hence
 Respire again the life passionate breath,
 Surely it was an untimely death.

But I look for the vacant place on the tree,
 I discover none, neither do I see
 One single companion of that fallen leaf
 That has refrained from levity for grief.

And that, too, is like the great humanity—
 After all 'tis as nature willed it should be;
 For death whether in season or an untimely decease,
 Is naught but the wisping away of an aspen leaf.

THE SONG OF ALL SONGS

In the hush of the evening I sit by my door,
 As the sun drops over yon hill;
 My hands are now idle, for the day's work is o'er,
 And the stress of all labor is still.
 I long for something simple, my mind to enthuse,
 Something peaceful and soothing and calm;
 In the quiet of the hour there comes to amuse
 A little songster, and he sings an odd song.
 'Tis the hallowing tones of the gray whippowil,
 In regularity and with reverence his call
 Rings over the vale or the crest of the hill,
 The benediction of the day seems to fall.
 Some say he is sad and he makes them feel lonely,
 Like their happiness had met some defeat;
 But not so with me, he brings to me only
 A feeling that's peaceful and sweet.
 Though melancholy is his theme, 'tis in sweet accord
 With the setting of place and of time,
 If he sings for a reason he finds his reward
 When the echo comes back like a chime.
 He sings the broken chords, 'tis in a broken scale
 That the accompaniment is set to his song;
 'Tis the tinkling of bells, it seems they never fail
 To join, and the soft rhythm prolong.
 They retire from the scene with the coming of the moon,
 And as their last pathetic tones are gone,

I feel that evening bells play the tune of all tunes,
The whippowil sings the song of all songs.

Then a little later when the dark has closed down,
And those tinkling bells are all still;
When the deeper shadows have fallen all 'round,
And hushed is the whippowil;
Then another songster comes onto the stage,
Solemn and profound is the song he sings;
He is accurate, devout, his voice hollow as with age,
And to the deep minor keys he clings.
Sung in the basso clef the song is not light.
It tells of the sad and the grave;
It belongs to the dark, it is part of the night,
Seems it echoes through the vaults of a cave,
As the songster delves to the deepest of themes,
'Tis a dirg that he sings without tune;
And down in my soul I feel that he means
To remind me of death and the tomb.
The accompaniment, too, seems weird and old,
For 'tis played by the breath of the winds;
It is softened by use, for through ages untold
It has blown through the trunks of the pines.
Now it rises to a pitch in a grand prelude,
Now it sinks to a wail or a moan;
'Tis wonderfully harmonious with the songsters' mood,
The sounds mingle in marvelous atone.
As they touch the deep chords of the nocturn, there looms
Before me, visions of things long agone;
Then I think that the winds play the tune of all tunes,
And the owl sings the song of all songs.

As the last doleful sound of that dirge dies away,
A wealth of melody comes to my ear;
Some silvery tongued songster in his beautiful lay,
Softly, sweetly, yet wonderfully clear.
In the light, the fantastic, the fairy-like strains
'Tis pure rhythm that falls on the air;
The very essence of harmony is in the refrain,

The warbler's notes are select and rare.
 In the choicest of sonates he seems to delight,
 He is eloquent to the extreme;
 He is enchanting, yet retiring, his fancy takes flight
 In only the sweetest of themes.
 With the cool balmy night he is fully in tune,
 And he sings his most charming lay
 In unaccented measures, he seems to commune
 With the spirit of the departed day.
 The murmuring brook plays the solo part,
 By it the gentle chorister is led;
 It commands the list'ner. 'tis a master of the art.
 And the harp, its own pebbly bed.
 It dashes off the variations in various styles,
 It ripples through the measures with east;
 Even the blithe little singer it charms and beguiles,
 Shrewdest critics, such classic would please.
 My entertainers have chased away all the gloom
 Of the night, and they to their rest have gone;
 Then I know that the brook plays the tune of all tunes.
 And the nighingale sings the song of all songs

THE CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE THING

Two lovers wandered, they parlied and pondered
 Along the pathway that led through the wood;
 As true lovers always find they have plenty of time,
 They loitered as true lovers should.
 He was somewhat confused for fear she'd refuse
 If the all important question he'd ask;
 For any man to propose it is hard, goodness knows,
 But for this one 'twas a terrible task.
 She was so prepossessing, 'twas high time he was pressing
 His suit, there was a chance that he'd lose her;
 Tho he couldn't make haste, he showed excellent taste
 When he decided in his heart that he'd choose her
 But excited? Not she, she was calm as could be,
 Seemed she was never ruffled in her life;
 Her composure was inspirable, it made her so desirable,

What a delightful characteristic in a wife!
 She had a wealthy of brown hair, her face was so fair,
 He knew there was no powder or paint;
 Her eyes, dreamy blue, her name, suggestive too,
 For "Cecelia" could be applied to a saint.
 Her smile was all sweetness, she was a model of neatness,
 Justly proud, and quite fastidious you see;
 And as for her dress, it was model de less,
 Which means the neck was cut down in a vee.
 She was modest and meek, and whenever she'd speak
 Her voice was low and somewhat sympathizing,
 And because of that vee, the lover could see
 A throat and a chest that was most tantalizing.
 Her hand, dimple and white, so slender, seemed quite
 As if they had only the strength of a child;
 With her grace and dignity, there was no wonder that he
 Was in love with this maiden so mild.
 In a cool and shady grott was surely the spot,
 With a green mossy bank for a seat;
 A made to order back, was a log and alack.
 This lover was now ready to speak.
 He was trembly as could be, but (a glimpse of that vee)
 He ventured—"Dear Cecilia I love you,
 If you will be mine I'll worship at your shrine,
 This world will hold nothing above you—
 He was pausing for breath, when a look most like death
 Came over the maiden's fair face;
 No dreaminess there, but a maniac stare
 That recorded no person, no place.
 He hadn't ment to offend, he'd apoligise, but then
 Behold the poor girl had gone mad;
 And right at the time when he'd managed to find
 Courage to tell of his love—how sad
 She leaped to her feet, she was white as a sheet,
 As if suddenly possessed by a spell;
 A soft voice, have I said? She near raised the dead
 When she let out that ear splitting yell.
 In maddening haste she began to tear her waist

Gone her dignity, her meekness and repose
 Any one could see she was crazy as could be,
 For she ripped off part of her clothes.
 "What's the matter, dear child, you're acting most wild?
 Do tell me for goodness sakes!
 I am here, don't you see? Don't undress before me!
 Tell me, have you been bitten by a snake?"
 He tried to hold her hand, but she managed to land
 A terrific blow on the side of his nose;
 That hand though so slender was a capable defender,
 Who'd ever dream she could strike such a blow?
 She continued to scream in a manner that seemed
 'Twould penetrate for miles around;
 In the stress and turmoil her hair loosed from the coil
 And some of it fell to the ground.
 Her raving, terrible to witness, 'twas surely not fitness
 For the companion to be obliged to survey;
 Through pure modesty, respect and courtesy
 To avoid her ill conduct he turned away.
 I'm not casting reflections when I say her complexion
 Was badly smeared, and she stood in a daze;
 When finally the calm fell like a balm,
 A sorry sight met the young lovers gaze.
 "Heavens. Never again." thought he—but then
 On her face such a dejected look;
 Love and consideration when he saw the provocation
 Of her plight, a new aspect things took.
 Now, as the question's arose, what do you suppose
 Was the cause of all that commotion?
 A little green frog that had sat on a log
 Became inspired by that lover's devotion.
 And now you will know that froggie wasn't as slow
 As that lover, and too, you'll agree
 That it was most very rude for him to intrude
 By hopping down into that vee.

THE CHIPMUNKS

I take my book and stroll down the glade,
 I settle myself in some spreading shade.
 But ere my thoughts to my story have gone,
 A little visitor comes scampering along.

Up over the log it pokes two tiny ears,
 Then a soft little bunch of fur appears;
 With stripes of gray and brown and black
 All running lengthwise down its back.

Now on her haunches, primly erect,
 My least sound or motion her eye will detect;
 Therefore I am silent, I want her to stay,
 If I move she will scurry away.

Ah! now you see me, I couldn't fool you,
 And here comes your mate he is a wise one too.
 But he has no stripes, he's all gray but his head,
 And that bigger and round and red.

They both chatter and sauce as if plainly to say
 "See here, now Missus, you go right away,"
 And by their curt actions I know well and good
 I'm not wanted 'round this neck of the wood.

Mrs. Chipmunk she scolds in her most terrible way,
 And Mr. Chipmunk he sanctions all she has to say;
 But if the were half as brave as they think they are
 Surely ne'erther would stay away quite so far.

"But now Mrs. Chipmunk, remember that
 If I could catch you I'd give you a real love pat,
 And you too, Mr. Chipmunk, but I know you'd resent,
 For to receive love pats you never was meant.

A flip, a leap and a bound he is gone,
 Another flip and a leap and she follows along.
 Says I to myself, as I sit in the shade
 "They're the most cunning things God ever made."

THE DEER

He is as swift as an Indian arrow,
 He is as lithe as a willow-reed.
 He is as graceful as any sparrow,
 Beauty is his so fate has decreed.
 He is as timid as any lambkin,
 He is as harmless as any dove;
 Yet he flees like a frightened birdling
 From the hand that would give him love.

He is nimble, sure-footed and hardened
 To the pathless way he pursues;
 Through he would grace any park-way or garden
 Solitudes of the wilds he will choose.
 In his own state he is chiefest of rangers,
 The mountain or plain knows his tread;
 In all nature he fears not a danger,
 Though a creg or a cliff be his bed.

A thousand years has been his to ramble,
 A thousand years has been his to roam,
 Over mountain or meadow or bramble.
 Throught the haunts of his God given home.
 He has withstood the torrents that rages,
 He has weathered the heat or the storm;
 His kind has come down through the ages,
 'Twas God's plan that none do them harm.

But what is his aim or his mission?
 I search and the answer I find;
 In this world he's to fill a position,

Be a feast for the eyes of mankind.
Then why not leave him to his duty.

Why don't man respect him I say?
Admire him alone for his beauty,
And not seek him to slaughter and slay.

THE BROOKLET

"The brooklet and I are friends," say I,
Now me thinks I hear that wee voice which provokingly will
say—
"How be it, for age is old and grim but youth is young and
gay
How can a thing of youthfulness care to court or pay
Friendship to a thing of age, 'tis a mystery I pray?
When one revels in happiness the other always sad, forlorn;
The one breathes out his gladness, the other seemingly lives
to mourn,
And the youth is ever laughing but the aged will only scorn;
And no harmony between the two is e'er conceived or born."
"But the brooklet and I are friends," say I.

"Ah, the brooklet and you are friends, you say?
And yet a thousand years, or more, perhaps, to him has come
and gone
Since the brooklet, in his infancy, sang his youthful song,
And mimicked much or scoffed at them—the countless
teaming throng
That tread his banks or loitering played where he gaily
speeds along.
Yet the brooklet and you are friends? Ah me, good friends
you, for sooth—
And long, long since he's had his age and you still have
your youth.
Don't let him mock or tantalize or court or speak you
smoothe,
His tones are highly bewitching, but his flattery holds no
truth."
"But the brooklet and I are friends," say I.

Yes the brooklet and I are friends—good friends,
 'Tis to him I go if I feel a dread or the day is sad and drear.
 As yet his soothing has not failed, he bid me be of good cheer;
 Or if I know the gayer hours he too, will lend an ear,
 He gives to all my changing moods, he is a friend sincere.
 "A friend sincere indeed—" again that wee small voice finds
 vent,

"And all these years have idly flown, in foolish prattle his
 life is spent.

Now he is old, but you are young, take not his motto of poor
 intent,

His time is waste, but the future yours, employ it for better-
 ment."

"But the brooklet and I are friends," say I.

Yes, the brooklet and I are friends—true friends.
 And to this friend, for council I deem it a privilege to go,
 How oft' I seek his confidence, 'tis comforting to know
 That I have one of such ability and experience, for lo
 A thousand years he has conciled others in his ceaseless
 ebb and flow

True, he has his age and I, have yet my period of time,
 His voice is still all cheerfulness, I heed his merry rhyme,
 And in his continual babbling I hear a theme, so fine,
 'Tis faithfulness and constancy, they are friendship's gifts.
 sublime.

Yes, the brooklet and I are friends—true friends.

Oh brooklet we are friends— real friends!
 Now undisturbed and peacefully we council, just we two,
 With no wee voice to chide me or bid me be untrue;
 For years have swiftly vanished my allotted period lived most
 through,

And in my confirmed unstableness I turn again to you.
 Now I see. O murmuring brooklet, 'tis you that's young,
 so young,

In the trend of age and ages, your life has just begun;
 And I, it is, that's old, so old, my course is almost run,
 Yet, in all my stupid soliloquy, never a taunt you've flung.

Oh brooklet, we are friends—real friends.

PARODIC.

(With all due apologies to the authors of the original lines.)

THEN OR NOW ?

I think when I view those grand portraits of old,
When our grandsires were here among men;
In their outlandish garbs they were sights to behold,
I should like to have been living then.
Modest ladies in bodice, tight sleeves and hoop skirts,
In cocked hats and knee pants, all the men;
Buckled slippers, powdered hair and those beruffled shirts,
I'd sure like to have been living then.

But when I view the curt damsels of the present day,
As they sally forth with their skirts cut so short;
In their flimsy furbolows there's a grander display
Of "crural" shapes of all sizes and sorts.
And I'm sure I speak the sentiments of all men---
Tho they, themselves, dress more sensible I'll allow,
In the choice of feminine fads of the "now" and "then,"
They're all glad they live in the "now."

UNAVAILABLE

The story is done and the scratching pen falls
From the hand that writes,
As the sledge hammer is thrown downward
By the smithy 'long toward night.
I see the delight in the editor's face
As he scans the pages of that scrip;
And a feeling of gladness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist.
A feeling of gladness and triumph
That is nigh akin to pain;
And will depart from me only
When he sends the MS back again.

THE SPORTSMAN.

This is the primitive man, civilization feign
 Would for centuries have tamed.
 To him its virtues sings
 Around him a net-work of laws its flings,
 That draws him onward, upward toward higher things,
 Thus he is attracted and will find
 Content and pleasure in its precepts only for a time.

The web of binding laws slightly unfurled
 Into a tumult of desire his brain is whirled.
 It burst asunder from the cell,
 Where in the hum-dum life, he had bid it dwell,
 And strove to conform it to a more stately shell;
 Before him lies revealed
 The quenchless fires of savage passion now unsealed.

Useless then to try, this curbing of his soul,
 For as the open seasons roll
 Resolutely he sets out
 For bruin, roe-buck, ducks, geese or trout,
 And not until he slays will he turn himself about;
 Thus he gratifies his will
 In the antics of the cave man, for he is a cave man still.

PRICE-\$4.99

Be still poor man and cease repining,
 In your old gray coat she has stitched new lining,
 Your fate is but a common fate of all,
 You never get any new clothes "a tall;"
 But wifey must have her silk stockings.

THE TOE DANCER

Tripping, Tripping, little star
 Dancing beauty that you are;
 As you whirl and twirl and flip and fly,
 Pray how can you kick so high?

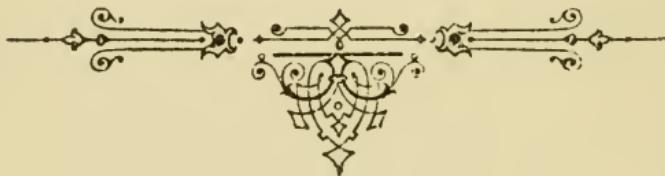
MOVIES-MOVE-US

(A Modern Thanatopsis)

To one, who in the love of the movies, seeks,
To enter her mysterious realms, she speaks
A serious language: for his more hopeful hours
She has a voice that calls him a thrill,
She is eloquent with confidence; and she glides
Into his darker moments with that mild
And sweet assurance that steals away
The disappointment ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter prospects come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and the sad image
Of grim despair, thwarted plans, gloom,
And the breathless longing for the slightest chance,
Makes thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth into the movie park, and list the
Director's teachings, while from all 'round—
The park drives the lakelets and the depths of
Shrubbery comes his loud, thrill voice. Yet a few
Hours and thee, the all beholding spectacle shall see
No more with all its discourse; nor yet on this
Trampled ground where the senseless scene
Was enacted with much ado, nor in the embrace
Of galleries, shall exist these actor images.
Dramas that thrilled them, shall claim
Their talent to be as null and void again;
And lost each movie trace, surrendering up
Their individual costumes, they shall go
To mix forever with the common herd;
To be a brother to the uncultured smith,
And to the sluggish tramp, which the rude farmer
Turns away from his door and thus scorns upon. The
Manager will send new talent down to confiscate
The roll. Yet not unto this eternal private life
Shall one retire alone—or could one wish
A life more uninteresting. Thou shall retire
With the brave patriarchs of the infant reels, with

Stars, the comedians of the art, the bad, the good,
Successful boobs and failures grand of former shows,
All in one forgotten caravan. The hills,
Trodden and paraphernalia strewn where they parlied
Long, the vale stretching in clever camouflage between,
The make believe woods, the rivers that move when
The camera moves and the artificial brooks that
Completes the muddled scene and pours out from
The nozzle of some dilapidated hose;
Are but the solemn commemorations all
Of the great grief of the left-outs. All that tread
The movie stage are but a handful to the tribe
That clamors for admittance. Take the wings
Of morning, the Mojave Desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous sands
Where rolls the Sunset Limited, and hears no sounds
Save its own rumblings—yet the movie man is there;
And millions in those solitudes since first
The art of films began, have hovered near
For a last look, dead hopes reign there alone.
So shall they all fail; but what if thou should retire
Unnoticed by the manager and no fellow candidate
Take note of thy great ambition? All that aspire
Shall share thy destiny. The amateur will strive
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of applicants
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite pantomime. Yet all these shall leave
The scenes of their employment, and shall come
And meet their fate like thee. As the long trend
Of tape is rolled around, the child of craze, the youth
In his ambitious age and he who preforms
In the full strength of his dramatic days, the maiden
Old maid the grizzled aged, the speechless babe, whose
Mother alone knows the superior talent of its innocent
Life, shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live in hopes, and when thy summons comes to join
The unenumerable caravan that wends its way

To that unavoidable end where each shall take
His chamber in the crowded hall of failure,
Thou go not, like the great majority,
Crestfallen to thy doom, but substained and soothed
By a lingering faith in thyself, approach thy certain
Destination, like one who wraps the drapery of
His fancy custom about him and sails out before
The lens.



OTHER POEMS





OTHER POEMS.

WHEN THE CHILDREN SAY THEIR PRAYERS

'Tis a sacred moment, almost holy,
When each head is bowed with care;
With lisping lips and hands clasped
They offer up the bed time prayer.
'Tis a moment when High Heaven
Looketh down and then prepares
With approving smile and gladness,
To receive the children's prayers.

Faltering not, nor hesitating,
Not a doubtful thought assails;
Pure of heart and humble minded,
Sincerity and truth prevails.
Attitude that's all impressive,
Eloquence and strength is there;
Yet sweet simplicity controlling
Voices of that evening prayer.

Perfect confidence, and trusting,
Absolute their childlike faith;
Faith that passeth understanding,
Such must reach the throne of grace.
Earnest and with contrite spirit,
Devotional worship such as theirs
Brings the earthly nearer heaven
When the children say their prayers.
Temples chosen by a Sovereign
As the earthly dwelling place;
In the children (God's Own Kingdom)
Is revealed his heav'nly grace.
Ah, it seems to me the Holy Angels
Lingered on those golden stairs,
Pause with reverence and listen
When the children say their prayers.

YOUTH—THOU ART GOLDEN

Youth, thou art golden, Youth, thou art fair.
 Feign would we tread that primrose path anew,
 Where no clouded skies or taut winds blew,

But bloom and mourning dew
 Alone gave fragrance to that balmy air,
 And placed no shadows there.

Youth, thou art golden, Youth, thou art fair.
 Forbidd'n thy flowery path, we look back and
 review

Thy pleasant scenes, thy happy hours and friends
 we knew;
 Unseen the hand that drew
 In silence and between that vail of years,
 Bringing sadness—tears.

Youth, thou art golden, Youth, thou art fair.
 Encircled by a softly tinted glow art thou,
 As in dimmer realms, and fast receding now,
 Naught doth time allow
 In the distant scene that our memories lend
 But shades that blend.

Youth, thou art golden, Youth, thou art fair.
 Each new day a mile stone, length'ning years
 that intervene,
 Yet memory clings and still thy vision seen,
 Now as if in a pleasant dream,
 On other faces thy joys and lips thy voice of
 glee
 Bids us happy be.

FROM OUT THE DEPTHS
 (The Quest For Knowledge)

A tiny gem, man first drew unto himself from

out the depths.

The shapeless brain could recognize

The valued Pearl of Prize.

He cast, and cast anew

But naught he drew;

As the Platonic ages rolled away

Guarded in dark vaults of mind, a single jewel
lay.

Another age unfolds, another cast for gain—
man won.

Then a second Pearl lay

Beside one of brilliant ray.

Each fitted the preordained cell

As the oyster to its dingy shell;

Nor lost them in the deep cavities of mind,

Each jewel numbered, and not difficult to
find.

Plied now with vigor, the still uncertain quest
pursued.

The endless search for more

Added value to that meager store.

Reluctantly the boundless deep

Gave up each pearl 'twould keep;

And the less dim shores now patrolled

By a frail and slowly moving fleet—but bold.

Still other periods of time to witness the
tireless research.

As the lighter ages dawn

Far greater treasures drawn.

Cells in countless numbers used,

Those once dark vaults infused

By the gleam of gems, mingling old and new;

Slowly and steadily the store of knowledge grew.

Yet the future holds deep seas of mother-pearl

unexplored.

Comes laden ships from distant shoals,
Naught but the hand of time controlls
The quest complete, and when
Each brain cell holds a fitted gem,
From out the depths all knowledge has been drawn,
With perfect mind comes perfect age for man—
Millennial dawn.

THE HEART THAT ADMIRES

City, beautiful, nestling mid avenues and
promenades,
What splendid sunlight falls and bathes thy
marble palasades.
Here a terraced garden, there a crystal lakelet
lies,
Reflects the grandeur of an arch or tower to
azure skies.
If ownership of these would lend less luster
to the view,
Then I would count the number of possessions
none or few;
I would rather see the beauty of a gothic court
or spire,
Look upon thy peerlessness with no thought but
to admire.

Beauteous ships that sail all ocean's gray and
endless waste,
In giving to its restlessness reveals thy stately
grace;
Whether speeds thy course, or safely moored, thou
art swept by tide,
And rides the beating waves like mystic phantoms
in a glide.
Had I power of purchase for all or any of thy kind,
I would count no fragile bark or armoured cruiser mine,

If in love of revenue lost the beauty of one plyer,
Rather watch thy stately swaying with no thought
but to admire.

River, ever wending, from blue vailed hills to
valleys low,
Neath bower and vine where lily pads stem thy
milder flow;
In thy swifter plunge each mossy bank receives thy
cooling spray,
In each glassy pool a picture, a song where eddies
play.
Could I bridle up that current and turn a fortune
wheel,
Yet see no grandeur in thy power, then rather
would I feel
The rapture of thy splendid flow, hear the music
of thy lyre,
Watch thy purling, whirling, swirling, with
no heart but to admire.

O meadows, blooming meadows, dotting plains and
valleys deep,
Perhaps thy luxuriant verdure spreads where vales
and forests meet;
When gentle breezes brisk in play, grasses dance
before its sweep,
Comes fresh'ning dews or sunny skies thy flowers
will always greet.
Were it my lot to hold the wealth of all thy grand
expanse,
Count the value of that high estate as gain, but
never hence
See beauty visions of thy glow, far more woul'd
I desire
To look upon thy budding bloom with no heart
but to admire.

MY MILLION DOLLAR STATUE

Posing at the foot of the balustrade,
 Where falls the uneven, flashing shade
 Of flickering fire-light beginning to fade,
 And scarcely those walls illume;
 Through half closed eye-lids, now surveyed,
 To my mind no sculpturer has ever made
 A statue of a higher text or grade
 Than that of this favored room.

Crowned is that graceful image there
 With a woman's head and a woman's hair,
 The figure of maiden-hood budding fair,
 So delicately curved, and slight;
 Yet childhood I see in that dimpled pair
 Of arms, and me thinks that naught can compare
 With the statue posed at the foot of the stair
 In the fading flare of the light.

Bewitching babyhood perched on the nose,
 The lips play in smile that girlhood knows,
 Every year between outlined in the pose
 Of form, drapery so slightly conceals;
 From the crown of the head to slippers toes
 The past, the present, the future impose
 Their presence, mingled in visions that 'rose
 Up 'round it and over me steals.

And now in my dreams it leaves the stair
 To come and stand by my deep armed chair,
 Never a figure or a face so fair
 As this placed in my trust and keep;
 Falls a gentle touch and a loving stroke
 On my drooping head, I quickly awoke,
 'Twas then my million dollar statue spoke,
 "Dear daddie, have you gone to sleep?"

THE ANGLER BOLD

Down deep in the heart of the tanglewood,
 Down deep in the dark and cool;
 Where the babbling brooklet ever sings
 To the fish in the crystal pool.
 The banks of that sparkling streamlet
 Patrolled by an angler bold;
 Followed by the All Adoring One,
 Contented the bait can to hold.

Equipped for the grilling conquest
 With—rod, cost ten bucks an a half;
 A reel, the price was two fifty,
 Three ten, the line with which to cast,
 Five dollar basket swung by a halter,
 Net—four plunks—in the strong firm hand;
 And to the eyes of the All Adoring One
 Was there ever a man so grand?

Over and over the incessant lashing
 Fell full on the breast of the stream;
 In the hours of tedious tramping,
 Patience would be waning 'twould seem.
 Ever and anon as the Brave One cast
 He was watched by the Adoring One;
 At last the silken cord snared him—
 A trout, and the conquest won.

Proud and boastful the Brave One stood there.
 Ween not that I estimate wrong;
 Squirming at the feet of the Adoring One,
 A speckled beauty, six inches long.
 The Brave One, gazing in admiration,
 Commanded, as only a "brave one" can:
 "Woman, behold thy hero!"
 And she answereth "Wonderful Man!"

CONJUGATION

He was the galant age of twenty-one,
 And she was just sixteen;
 Under curious gaze they were defining,
 The verb "to love" I mean.
 "Present—I love, you love, we love," said she,
 "Do not say 'we,'" said he;
 "Just 'I love, you love' is singular,
 'We' is the plural you see."
 "Past—I loved, you loved ,we loved," said she,
 (A confusing thing is a verb)
 "I say 'you need not say "we" loved,'" said he,
 A tittering was plainly heard.
 "Future—I will, you will, we will love," said she,
 "Just leave out that 'we,'" said he,
 "You say 'the "we" belongs to the plural'
 There are two of us," said she.
 A giggling, now both faces flushing,
 Two brains beginning to whirl;
 For he was the handsome young school teacher.
 And she was the "biggest" girl.

IF MAN WERE THE ONLY CREATURE

If man were the only creature
 God created with brawn and brain
 Of ingenuousness he might be proud,
 And shout of belated fame.

There flitted a tiny linnet,
 And sang to a Brazilian spring;
 Till the far, far north sent a call for song
 And a birdling sped on the wing.
 A fortnight later the same sweet lay
 Fell full to the Greenland skies,
 Nor did the tiny pilot mistake his way,

At the speed no airship flies.
 There lives a paddling beaver,
 In the heart of the northland cool,
 And diligently toiled to stately build
 A house in the deep, dark pool.
 When winter's frost had forbidden
 His haunts on the ice bound shore,
 There snugly neath the periscope hidden,
 In his house with a submarine door.

Marooned was a tiny spider
 On a reef and the danger rife,
 And he was not unaware of his peril,
 Nor lost for means to save his life.
 Immediate action, a line soon swept
 In space t'was upheld by the breeze,
 When anchored to shore the refugee crept
 'Long his cable to hide in the leaves.

If man was the only creature
 God ever chose to create,
 Of ingenuousness he might be proud,
 And boast of himself as great

WHAT USED TO BE.

'Twas the home of the friends of my childhood,
 Where oft I have spent the day;
 Within the shelt'ring walls that made welcome al
 Now deserted and fall'n to decay.

The peasantry says it is haunted,
 Me thinks I will go and see;
 I have no fear but the old home dear
 Will be just as it used to be.

As I approach the broken paling,
 There nodding a greeting to me;
 Roses bob in the wind, in their faces I find
 Visions of what used to be.

When I drew near to the broad stone stoop
 Tendrils, like hands, give welcome to me
 In the clinging vines that over it twine.
 Are images of what used to be.

When I enter in a little gray squirrel
 Is disturbed by a stranger like me,
 In his hasty retreat the pattering feet
 Echo the what used to be.

More reminiscent still, that shattered bur,
 In the litter he left I see
 The toy strewn floor, that open door,
 Reminds me of what used to be..

At the rear door, an old water wheel,
 Where the spray once prattled in glee;
 Tho the stream never more will over it pour,
 It tells of the what used to be.

Yes, the peasantry says it is haunted,
 And 'tis strangely visited I see
 'Round each familiar thing there seems to cling
 The spirit of what used to be.

MY HIGH ESTATE.

What matters it to me who owns—
 That broken expanse of hill and vale,
 Outlined on yonder blue;
 Where deep scallops in the horizon
 Lets the infant morning through.

Or in the sunsets glow those peaks arise
 To kiss the clouds above;
 What matters it to me who owns
 They are mine to see and love.

What matters it to me who claims—
 That great and massive forest land
 Where dwells the virgin pine;
 Where shades and shadows chase and rule
 The scanty ray that shine;
 Where branches clasping branches spann
 Like archways high above;
 What matters it to me who claims
 I walk them through and love

What matters it to me who holds—
 An interest in that mountain torrent
 Where surging waters boom:
 And tremors earth, and gores its way,
 And widening gorges loom,
 To proclaim its power the thundering voice
 Rebounds from crags above;
 What matters it to me who holds
 I see and hear and love.

What matters it to me who comes—
 To walk mid this earthly grandeur
 And see with mortal eye,
 When molds my clay on slope or crest
 My view continues from on high;
 And premitted I a grander scope,
 Be this my heavenly state,
 I would class it as eternal joy,
 And wish no greater fate.



GENIUS

Genius, ever patient,
 Walketh not on flower beds when creative thoughts unfold,
 Nor fleeting wings, nor rideth he in chariots of gold;
 But chooseth he a tedious path, laborious and slow,
 With retarded steps, and wavering, creepeth toward the goal.

Genius ever humble,
 Dwelleth not in luxurious palaces, comfort to insure,
 Nor buildeth castles on a hill, fame to procure;
 But liveth he in lowly places, retiring, obscure
 Gaurding his tender talents till they become mature.

Genious, ever modest,
 Chooseth not his friends for outward show or pomp or pride,
 Nor careth he for flattering tongues nor praise besides;
 But carefully selects with true companions to abide,
 In confidence, and quiet, and from the world would hide.

IT IS A LONG, LONG ROAD TO BELGIUM.

"Can you tell me the way to Belgium?"
 A lady asked of a tired nurse
 "They say there is very great sickness,
 I must be there before things are worse."
 "Kind lady, I can not tell you
 I am so busy the whole day through,
 In my ward are a hundred children,
 And much work a few hands must do."

"Can you tell me the way to Belgium?"
 This asked of a child by the way;
 "I hear the people are starving there,
 I must help them without delay."
 "Dear lady, I cannot tell you,

But it may be up this way;
 I am taking this dinner basket
 To a grandma who is ill all day.'

"Can you tell me the way to Belgium?"
 This to a man with a dinner pail;
 "They say there is need of workers there
 I must get there without fail."
 "Good lady I cannot tell you,
 If I could I would help them too;
 In the factory the work is very great,
 And the number of laborers few."

"Is it so very far to Belgium?"
 She asked of the street police;
 "I hear the distress is appalling,
 And the weeping does not cease."
 How far? I cannot tell you,
 But this is the way I know;
 There is an accident on the highway,
 And a call and I must go."

Somewhere on that road to Belgium
 Was the scene of the accident,
 A little child mangled and bleeding,
 Kind hands to the rescue went.
 The distress was great, the weeping deep
 And suffering and nursing and care;
 A little body to grow all twisted,
 That lady's own child was injured there.

—
BORN—(?)

Proud, but spent by the grilling test
 Borne when travail's pangs infest,
 An anguishing moment is birth at best,
 The triumphant mother is prone to rest.

In the victory, forgotten every pain,
That mother—a fatigued and weary brain;
In her new born infant merit shines,
'Tis a healthy poem—eight lines.

HOW LOVELY IS THE ROSE

Only yesterday I looked upon you,
Adorning the garden so fair;
And promised an opportune moment
To seek you in confidence there.

In the passing glance that I gave you,
I was struck by your graceful pose;
Some day I would stop and consider
What a wonderful thing is a rose.

Sometime I would study your nature,
As you seemed to invite me to do;
I would leisurely view the surroundings
Would compare and fit them to you.

Note the curl of your velvety petals,
So delicate in texture and hue;
So perfectly clustered together,
Some day I would ponder them through.

I would fully enjoy your loveliness,
I would linger to drink the perfume;
I would fill my soul with your sweetness,
Ah, surely in the sometime soon.

At some other, more opportune moment,
Was my promise of the yesterday;
But last night the zephyr breezes came,
And wafted those petals away.

Nevermore can I look upon them,
 And 'tis little my memory will lend;
 A sad, sad thought, I deeply regret
 It has been even so with a friend.

THE BUTTERFLY CHASE

(A quest paralleling with vivacity the somberness of the
 Desert Rat.)

One bright summer morning, one light sunny morning,
 Came meeting, came greeting, adown mid the clover;
 Jesse and Jennett there, each with a net there,
 Went talking, went walking, the green meadow over;
 When out to one side there, both of them spied there,
 In bowers of flowers in a fern foilaged place,
 A beautiful thing there, a thing of soft wing there,
 And tripping, and skipping, they were off on a chase;
 Tripping and skipping, and flipping and dipping,
 They were off on a butterfly chase.

So enticing, so inviting, how very exciting,
 To net it and get it each one did intend;
 It proved such a rover, they trampled the clover
 Over and over to the green meadow's end.
 Ever it flayed them, flayed and betrayed them,
 That airy-like, fairy-like, gaudy-like thing;
 In the hurry and scurry, the flutter and flurry,
 Never into the web of the net did they bring
 That big bright butterfly, that bright brown butterfly,
 In the beat of the butterfly chase.

Oft' they went rollicking, frisking and frolicking,
 Tramping and stamping through the great pansy bed;
 Went sweeping, went leaping, went softly creeping,
 In league and in line down the lane they both sped;
 On the needles of the nettles it nestles and settles,
 To dare to go there too neither would quite;

They waited and debated, scarce said meditated,

When away there, so gay there, it took up its flight;
And again they were merry, light hearted and cheery,
On the beat of the butterfly chase.

Down on a willow, on a soft, fuzzy pillow,

It made there, and stayed there, till Jesse and Jennett
Came romping and stomping, came stomping and tromping,

Came peering, came nearing, how near did they get?
Then folded so softly its wings and so lofty

Went swinging, went swaying, went swerving away;
Among the buhach there never was a whack there,

But brushed it and crushed it the whole live long day;
And they were so merry, light hearted and cherry,
On the beat of the butterfly chase.

They went hustling and bustling, went rustling and tustling,

From thistle to thorn, ard to thistle again;
Hither and thither, no matter whither,

Down the hill, 'cross the rill, once more to begin
That falling and crawling, quite often went spralling,
To net it and get it in the green garden patch;
To ramble and gamble, through brier and through bramble,
And ramble and shamble through the thick of the thatch;
And both were so merry light hearted and cheery.
On the beat of the butterfly chase.

And then they went prancing, in fanciful dancing,

To the edge of the ledge of rock to explore;
And thought they had snared it, but fate always spared it,
Went waving its wings to the pond's farther shore;
Going 'round it, they found it, and tried to surround it,
Where it sat in the lap of a long lily leaf;
Not a sigh of regret though, from Jesse or Jennett though,
When they failed, still they trailed to a bright yellow
sheaf;

And they made so merry light hearted and cheery
 On the beat of the butterfly chase.

How oft' they went hopping, till they were near dropping,
 To the slope there to mope and to groupe in the green;
 And thought they had lost it but found they had crossed it,
 In grasses where masses of migonnette seen,
 Unmolested, it rested, their patience it tested,
 They bounded and pounded and hounded in vain;
 They foiled it, not quite, till it fooled them in flight,
 To go flouncing and bouncing and pouncing again;
 And still they were merry, light hearted and cherry,
 On the beat of the butterfly chase.

Again they went racing, went pacing and chasing,
 From sunshine to shadow, from shadow to shade;
 And then came an hour, an hour of shower,
 To hie and to fly to an evergreen glade;
 Helter and skelter, no time now for shelter,
 They spied there and eyed there, 'twas under a blade;
 Though Jess and Jennett then, were surely quite wet then,
 Went jumping and thumping, as for it they made;
 And all were so merry, light hearted and cherry,
 On the beat of the butterfly chase.

She was stayed by a log, he was delayed by a bog,
 And fumbled and stumbled and tumbled about,
 To surmount the obstruction, to evade the induction,
 Of mud in his shoes, would he ever get out?
 Perched on a clod there, a clod of dry sod there,
 Just out of reach of that long handled net;
 That big bright butterfly, that big brown butterfly,
 So dear to the hearts of Jesse and Jennett;
 And yet they were merry, light hearted and cherry
 On the beat of the butterfly chase.

All day it lasted, they famished and fasted,

In bloom time, in noon time, till long evening shades
 Came slowly shifting, then went drifting,
 So joyful and jolly where the hollyhock fades;
 'Twas down by the trim rows of peas where the primrose
 Tolled it to hold it, and fold it in sleep;
 Went blund'ring, went plund'ring, to see where 'twas
 Slumb'ring.

Intently, but gently, each one took a peep;
 No need now to net it, with hands they could get it,
 In the beat of the butterfly chase.

Down there by the trim rows of peas where the primrose
 Was holding, 'twas folding its wings for the night;
 What did they spy there, but a big dragon fly there,
 To touch it, to clutch it, 'twould be sure to bite;
 That beautiful thing then, was a thing that would sting
 them,
 It had taunted, they had haunted and wanted it so;
 As the race was all over, through the damp, dewy clover,
 Not dearly, but wearily, homeward did go;
 Both thrilling with laughter at what they'd been after
 On the beat of the butterfly chase.

'WAY DOWN IN SHASTA

Way down in little Shasta,
 Where the skies are blue, so blue;
 And the wind is in the white fir,
 Can't you hear it blowin' through?
 The sheepman and the cowboy sings
 As they rove the hill and plain;
 Nay does the native stray afar
 Till he strays him back again.

Way down in good old Shasta,
 Came to rugged gulch and hill;
 The miner with his pack and pick,

Can't you hear it clinkin' still?
 The same hills called the hunter bold,
 And the trappers came for game;
 And nay does a one wander afar
 Till he wanders back again.

Way down in little Shasta,
 Where the woodman's ax and mill
 Goes whing, goes whang the cross-cut saw,
 Don't you hear'em ringing still?
 They tell us of a wonder land,
 Not a land of note or fame;
 But nay does the native stray afar
 Till he strays him back again.

Way down in little Shasta,
 Comes the cooing notes, or thrill;
 Of mountain quail, or meadow lark,
 Don't you hear'em callin' still?
 Contented, all, to live and love
 In this land of joy and song;
 Nay does the native stray afar,
 Nor strays he very long.

WILL YOU?

A beautiful, snow white lily,
 With petals so easily soiled;
 Down on a dusty side-walk,
 Pick it up before 'tis spoiled.

A lovely, soft winged butterfly,
 Out in the great clover bed;
 Tangled in the web of a spider,
 Pray get it before it is dead.

A pure and spotless character,
 How easily 'tis smirched by sin;
 Standing right in line for ruin,
 Go quickly and gather it in.

THOSE POPPY DAYS

I remember so well when my little chum Nell
 Was a sweet blue eyed lassie of seven;
 She depended on me her protector to be,
 I was past the great age of eleven,
 Then we gathered poppies, those big yellow poppies,
 In spring time when fields were aglow;
 A lassie of seven, a laddie of eleven,
 Just chums in that sweet long ago.

Ten years rolled around, my Nell and I found
 Our friendship was blessed from above;
 Like the poppies full blown it had flourished and grown,
 And now was a blossom of love.
 We still gathered poppies, those big yellow poppies,
 So happy our hearts were aglow;
 Now don't you see, what she was to me?
 My sweetheart and I was her beau.

I remember the day, the joyous spring day,
 Nell promised that she'd be my wife;
 The fields were aglow with yellow and gold,
 'Twas the happiest day of my life.
 We were gathering poppies, those big yellow poppies,
 She was holdng a million I know;
 But they fell to the ground when her sweet lips I found,
 And stole my first kiss long ago.



THE CHAPEL LIGHT
(The Quest For Soul)

The traveler mistakes the way—
And beats about the country road where blinding snows
Fall in drifts and blocks his steps, before him rose
The flaked atmosphere, and cold, his vision lost
In the blackness of the night, his purpose crossed
By storm, as by a pulse of fever, mind confused,
He stumbled on, sick of limb, till strength refused
'To be thus overtaxed, abused.

Fell exhausted by the way.

This man, who struggled for his life, gave up all hope,
He must perish in the storm, why further grope
Against the blizzard and the darkness, strive in vain
To reach a shelter with no light to aid, no aim?
Death was near, and unprepared for spirit flight,
He feared to pass, when lo a gleaming through the night
Came the way side chapel light.

That man so near to death

Had seen that feeble ray of light how oft' before,
Shining like a beacon from the little chapel door;
How indifferently he'd passed, now by twist of fate
He must seek it as a refuge, ere it be too late.
Just to make his peace with God, then to drop and die,
It matters not in death where moral form may lie,
The soul concerns, and God on high.

Then 'cross the wind swept moor

Crept a piteous object over unfamiliar ground;
Snow drifts piling high before him, strove to beat him down;
Quite often lay exhausted, then staggered on again,
Numb in every muscle, blood frozen in the vein;
No longer felt the icy gale, nor felt its stinging bite,
Just conscious of his purpose, and to pilot him aright
Gleamed the little chapel light.

Made the church yard, made the stoop.
 Leancd 'gainst an oaken panel, in a haven sought,
 Beheld the door was open, fast diming eyes now caught
 A glimpse of arched vestibule, then the chapel main,
 Cost his last effort, every ounce of strength to gain,
 He stood beside the altar, alone, in dead of night,
 Unaided, unattended, 'gainst all odds he'd won the fight:
 Guided by the chapel light.

From the communion of the day
 There remained the cruse of wine, the broken bread,
 To touch (the lifting of a hand now seemed as lead)
 Meant atonement for his soul, the right so dearly bought
 By blood of One, now in a feeble effort wrought
 A cry for peace went up to God, and did not fail
 To reach the throne, another cry for joy, for pain a wail;
 He fell across the alter rail.

In the tumult of his mind
 Why looked that massive country house a church to him?
 That porch a portico, and kitchen door wherein
 He'd entered looked of gothic build, and dining room
 Became as chapel walls, where shaded lamps illume,
 The buffet, the ballastrade appeared an altar where
 Lost man restores his soul, one came and found him there;
 'Twas the butler, aged and white of hair.

A cup of wine pressed to the lips.
 The dim eyes unclosed and saw as thorough a veil
 The aged butler there beside the polished rail;
 And thought a person of the cloth ministered to him
 The sacred cup, and reconciled his soul within.
 Another drop, this man came back to life, to sight,
 Found his priest a butler, what he thought a chapel light
 An illusion of the night.

Without that cup of wine
 Where now his mortal form but lain to mold, to rust?
 Without that hand to give where now his flesh but dust?
 He thanked the white haired butler o'er and o'er
 Yea he thanked him e'en on bended knee and more—
 He wept in gratitude, and compensation made
 For life long obligation to one who'd given aid;
 And his earthly debt he fully paid.

In that struggle for his soul
 Wherin he lost his life and found it, then again
 Forgot his soul and remembered all the pain,
 Wherein he found his God and lost mortality,
 Made his heavenly peace, but now he fails to see
 The light still gleaming from the little chapel door,
 Embraces not its alter, nor falls his step upon the floor;
 He walks it by, indifferent as before.

THE LION AND THE STAG

"The female of the species is 'less' deadly than the male."

When the king of the forest meets the prince of the wild
 No artifice, no flattery, no attempt to beguile
 Each to his undoing, might and main backed by skill,
 Forth to battle royal, win by strength and by will.

As the king of the forest, every inch he is king,
 Brings under his dominion every live breathing thing;
 Shakes the walls of his kingdom when he roars a command,
 Every enemy obeys him, subjects meet his demand.

As the prince of the wild, oh, how princely is he.
 Not more princely in bearing could real nobleman be;
 All so princely in manner and so princely in build,
 True traits of his nature, princely instincts instilled.

When the king of the forest meets the prince of the wild
 No artifice, no flattery, no attempt to beguile;
 Armed by horn and by hoof and by tooth and by nail,
 No more royal the battle fought with armour and mail.

Staged—the scene of the conflict on a chill winter day.
 Clouds hanging like curtains, all so still and so gray;
 On the floor of the arena spread a carpet of white,
 Tread no living creature to interrupt the great fight.

As agile as the king, the agility of the prince,
 Steeled, nerved and tempered, and a grand consequence;
 Born opponents and equals, no germ of cowardise,
 No weakening of spleen till each one paid the price.

Crouched, trembling of limb, how carefully the king
 Measured distance exact, and prepared for the spring:
 No false motion of his that he missed the mark wide,
 For the prince all alert, sprightly leaped to one side.

Unlike the cautious king, who to make sure of the line,
 Controlled eager passion, counted fractions intime;
 The prince whirls to the aggress, and recklessly bounds
 Brings down his four daggers under four hundred pounds.

In the gnashing and gashing, bleeding flesh from bone tore,
 In the goreing and gouging, rent the ermine they wore;
 The king prone to anger, the prince for dignity built,
 Waged and wedged his spear points up to handle or hilt

Knowing vitals were severed, each one leaped apart;
 Well nigh discombowled, all undaunted by pain,
 The king rebounds to action, and again and again
 In the great vivisection proves royal his worth,

While the prince in the second shows a mark of high birth.
 But at last they both feel the sword thrust to the heart,

The king raised to fore-paw, roared, dropped, quiver'd, past,
In each fiber of frame he was king to the last.

As the prince leaped aside, he flourished his sword,
From the jugular vein every drop of blood poured;
Reared to his haunches, struck, fell backward and died,
Slain—a king and a prince, laying there side by side.

When the king of the forest meets the prince of the wild
No artifice, no flattery, no attempt to beguile,
All so dauntless and daring, so disdainful of death,
Proves them launched for one issue, born for conquest.

Prey to their own passions each one had fallen foul,
And the dirge of the day was a wolf's dismal howl;
The flowers for the dead, a mass of roses so red,
Strewn over the snow—the life blood they had shed.

Was there no one to weep? The last leaf brown and sear.
Fell away from the branch, 'twas the tree's only tear;
Was there no one to mourn? Yea the wind heaved a sigh,
That a king and a prince should so needlessly die.

Then the lowering gray clouds folded down with the night,
O'er the scene of the battle spread a blanket of white;
When the immaculate sky ushered in the new day,
Mother Nature had lain her two children away.

THE OLD FASHIONED FLOWERS

There are many bright flowers in the garden.
They are blooming in lovely array.
Their colors are delicate or gorgeous,
They are grouped for a grand display.
There are dahlias and cannos and jasmin,
The la france and the great snowball;
There are none like the old fashioned flowers

That bloom down by the old stone wall.

They are just some old fashioned roses,
But they are sweetest of them all;
They are just some old fashioned poses,
That bloom by the side of the wall;
There are lilies and marguerites and daises
There are pinks both great and small;
They are the old fashion flowers
But we love them the best of all,

We wandered a while mid the flowers,
We love them, my Maggie and me;
It is here we spend many long hours,
As happy as happy as can be.
It was down 'mong the old fashioned roses
That twine over the old stone wall,
I was there with Maggie when I told her
That I loved her the best of all.

Maggie is like the old fashioned poses,
She is gentle and good and true;
Her cheeks are the blush of the roses,
She is fair like the lily too;
She is timid and shy as the daisy,
Like the pink, she is sweetest of all;
She is just like those old fashioned flowers
That bloom down by the old stone wall.

THE VETERAN AND THE SCHOOL BOY

In a dusty old town by the wayside,
In a little old ramshackled hall;
The people had gathered for council,
Just one hundred persons in all.
'Twas a "rousing political meetin'",
The oratory was eloquent and great;

Discussing the affairs of the nation,
Only matters that carried great weight.
And because of its nature and purpose,
The meeting had been rather long,
The chairman thought it was in order
To wind the affair up with a song.
Because of the wonderful speakin'"
Patriotism held sway in each heart,
Therefore an ode to the country,
Would thrill them before they depart.
"We will now sing The Star Spangled Banner,"
The chairman announced to the throng;
And the hundred arose to give honor
And to join in that beautiful song.
The first verse—the chairman, he knew it,
Of course he could sing well and good,
And the next one—well if he could not
There were plenty of others who could.
As that audience arose at his bidding
Each one of them thought just the same,
Each was confident that some other
Would be familiar with all the refrain.
As the leader led out in the anthem
His voice was caught up by a score,
Each word added strength to the chorus,
And soon were forty voices or more;
"O, say can you see—" the beginning,
"By the dawn's early light—" the first line,
"What so proudly we hail—" how they knew it!
One hundred people could sing it so fine.
"Whose broad stripes and bright stars—" now sixty
Were joining in the beautiful strain,
"O'er the ramparts we watched—" added thirty,
There were ninety to sing the refrain.
"Wore so gallantly streaming—" just eight more
Ninety-nine were singing that anthem,
Come in on the last four words,

Just ninety-nine voices were heard.
But one hundred arose at the bidding,
Ah, some one was a slacker I fear;
Someone's voice was not in the chorus,
It was a gray haired man in the rear.
He had just "happened in to the meetin'"
He limped as he entered the door,
It was true that he made quite a clatter
As he whacked his cane down on the floor,
He was trembling, tottering and feeble,
'Cross his temple a terrible scar,
He wore on his coat a brass button,
And its letters were G. A. R.
There he stood in silence and reverence,
Well he knew every word of that song;
A fllood of memory rushed o'er him,
Of the days that were long agone.
"The rocket's red glare—" how that thrilled him.
He could hear those "booms bursting in air"
'Twas down on the front at Fort Sumpter,
The old veteran was with the flag there.
With a hundred he'd guarded those ramparts,
Where the flag had been hoisted to fly;
If it ever went down in the conflict
He would put it back up there or die.
He had stood in the ranks at Bull Run,
The bullets came whizzing so near,
It was many that fell all around him,
Their cries—, to this day he can hear.
And there by the side of his comrades
He'd watched through the "perilous night,"
Thank, God, Old Glory was waving,
He could see by the "dawn's early light."
"Oh say does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave—"
Many voices were singing that hymn,
And here at the end of the stanza,
A shaky old voice joined in.

Many heads were turned to discover
Just whose was the voice they could hear,
Ah, 'twas he, indeed they all knew him,
That gray haired man in the rear.
All sang the first verse, 'twas so thrilling,
That one hundred knew it by heart;
But now, for the second—they wavered,
Not even the leader could start.
But a school boy came to the rescue,
His voice was so wonderfully clear,
And just in a moment another
It was that aged man in the rear.
"On the shores dimly seen—" they knew it
Just two in that hundred was all,
And the others respectfully listened,
Ninety-eight in that ramshackled hall.
The boy, he stood in the front row,
He felt a little doubt, and a fear,
But now, ah some one was helping,
He could hear a cracked voice from the rear.
But why to this one boy familiar?
Others were at the meeting that day,
Just because he had been so unruly
Recess for a week he must pay.
And because he must never be idle,
"You may memorize this poem," teacher said,
And long before that week was over,
He had stored every word in his head.
But why should the other one know it—
That old man back there in the rear?
Why the simplest reason of any,
He followed that flag many a year.
He had been right in the beginning
Was in the thick and the last of the fray,
And because he defended Old Glory,
A scar and that limp for his pay.
So 'twas only two knew that anthem,

They knew each verse through and through;
 One learned in a musty old school room,
 The other out in the midst and the dew.
 As on down the verses their voices
 (Could scarce be said that they'd blend)
 "That Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave—"
 They had finished it through to the end.
 And never before had they heard it,
 That song that they all held so dear,
 As 'twas sung by that happy young school boy
 And that gray haired man in the rear.
 There were just ninety-eight resolutions,
 Made, as the chairman said "We adjourn"
 Ninety-eight whispered this promise
 "Every word of that song I will learn."
 And now for the flag and the country
 The young man will stand without fear,
 In the front ranks, where once did those veterans
 Who will watch and pray from the rear.

THREE SORROWS

I saw youth when all he held dear
 Lay prone on a funeral bier,
 Be refused to mourn, he laughed to scorn
 The grief that was lingering near.
 The gladsome heart could not infold
 The sorrow fate offered so bold.

I saw maturity walk with the pall,
 The cortege of the heart's all in all;
 Sobered and bowed, wrapped in the cloud
 Of sorrow fate decreed must fall.
 Time alone could bring soothing balm
 The tumult of his soul to calm.

I saw age pause by an open tomb,
 And there settled a lasting gloom,
 That void in his heart nevermore would depart,
 All gladness his grief would consume.
 With no future to swiftly outrace,
 Sadness became fixed in place.

GREATER IS LIFE THAN DEATH

An open grave, a pile of displaced earth,
 There set beside it a box of costly worth,
 Flowers, profusely heaped, bouquet and wreath,
 Covering brace and straps placed underneath,
 Lay a common spade its work but half complete
 No power of its own to perform a feat,
 Neither that which lies beneath that lid
 Hath pwer to move, nor friends a farewell bid.

Crept a cricket! long that disheveled mound
 And leaped across that fissure in the ground,
 It multiplied its length as man to mile,
 Escaped from harm, and yet it lives a while,
 Far more than cricket with its life and power
 Than dust or spade or box or grave or flower.

THE WONDERFUL FUTURE

How wonderful is the future,
 How pitiful is the past;
 One dismissed as uneventful,
 On the other a glamour cast.
 Two days so closely related,
 The morrow so full of hope;
 The yesterday and its failures
 Unworthy of any note.

How attractive is the future,
 Where realizations abound;
 Some where in its luring embrace
 Contentment of heart is found.
 With longing, striving and planning
 We forget how soon and fast
 Each day of it is swallowed
 Up by the pitiful past.

We greet the hours of the future,
 We hold them but just a day;
 And ponder not on their value,
 But those which beyond them lay.
 We dream of a day yet distant,
 Forget in living it through
 'Tis part of that wonderful future
 Made tame by nearness of view.

Comes a time when all the planning
 And disappointments lie behind,
 And yet 'tis not for a moment
 We've known content of mind;
 When longing turns to retrospect
 Face to face with truth at last
 Beyond is the wonderful future
 And this is the pitiful past.

MT. SHASTA

Standing so still the ages through,
 Resplendent in that distant view;
 Magnificent in all thy size,
 Outlined against the azure skies.
 What mighty forces did create
 That piece of handywork so great?

Yet not more wonderous is thy size
 Than perfection that upon thee lies,
 What mind conceived thy stately grace,
 And chose to set thee in that place
 With harmony the tie between
 Improves when from the distance seen

Could my work stand apart like you,
 And give to me that distant view,
 As it will stand for other eyes,
 In comparison a mote in size;
 Would I see there just a part
 Of the perfection that thou art?

UNDER THE CHANDELIERS

Heartless, blue-cold, cutting glare,
 Diamonds posed in amber hair;
 Colorless with eyes of blue,
 Diamonds, tempered not for you.

Fervent, brilliant, glittering glare,
 Diamonds poised in raven hair;
 Toned for eyes of blackest hue,
 Diamonds mined and made for you.

Music is sound bedecked so gay,
 Poetry is words at play.

Run and the world runs with you,
 Walk and you walk alone.



Nature never did create a law that opposed the
instincts of her children.

Better serve in a well ordered household
As be a guest in the home of confusion,
Better live in humble obscurity
As be a ruler and have no seclusion.

Happiness in all her beauty,
In her faith and tryst toward duty;
In youth, in age or in her prime,
Stands subject to the call of time.—

The Vail of Mist.





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